



COMICS

FEATURE

FEBRUARY



BUT VINCENT~
IF YOU ARE THE
CLOCK, WHO IS
THAT BEHIND
YOU?



10^c
No. 29

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



All American ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Size of all games
14 x 16 inches.

A new way to get all the FUN and THRILLS!

FELLOWS, All-American Electric Football offers a chance to match your "wits" and "strategy" against all comers—what's more it can't be beat for action and thrills!

You and your opponent are Coach, Quarterback, Line, Ends, Backfield, and Cheering Section of your respective teams! The player who knows smart football and who can out-manuever his opponent will control the yardage of the miniature football as it goes up and

down the gridiron . . . but the uncertainty of the game often gives the losing player a "fighting chance" and he may sweep down the field for a "touchdown" or a "smashing last-minute victory!"

Game comes complete, ready to play, with Miniature Football, Timing Device, Lights, and Batteries.

Be the popular owner of the champion of games—All-American Electric Football! 1940 MODEL. \$2.

Big League ELECTRIC BASEBALL

PACKED with *skill* and action this big new Electric Diamond furnishes plenty of excitement and loads of opportunity for real baseball strategy! Whether you're "at bat" or "in the field" You actually swing the "Electric Bat!" Knock Homers! Steal Bases! Fan 'Em Out! Even an "Electric Ump" renders decisions in Big League style! Complete with Base Runners, Lights, Batteries, Scoring Device, etc. 1940 MODEL. \$2.



Collegiate ELECTRIC BASKETBALL

STRATEGY, skill, and luck, plus the flash of electricity make Electric Basketball great sport! You actually feel yourself streaking down the old gym floor sinking a "flashy shot" for the team! Plays and scoring are scientifically worked out from actual averages and are just what you'd meet on any hard-fought gym floor. Complete with Miniature Basketball, Timing Device, Lights, and Batteries. 1940 MODEL. \$2.



CLIP OR COPY COUPON TODAY!

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
6 Bridge Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$_____ Send postpaid at once the following:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRIC FOOTBALL | <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRIC BASEBALL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRIC BASKETBALL | <input type="checkbox"/> "ALL THREE" ELECTRIC GAMES |

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

The DOLL MAN

By
WILLIAM ERWIN
MAXWELL

USING A SECRET SOLUTION THAT REDUCES HIM TO THE SIZE OF A DOLL, DARREL DANE BECOMES A TERROR TO THE UNDERWORLD.

DARREL DANE AND DR. ROBERTS ARE WORKING BUSILY IN THEIR WELL EQUIPPED LABORATORY.

HOW ABOUT GETTING SOME SLEEP, DARREL?

I THINK I'LL WORK LATE TONIGHT.



DARREL, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU.



HOW D'YOU DO, SIR, I'M SIDNEY AMBROSE, THE DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM.

YES?

I'VE HEARD QUITE A BIT ABOUT YOUR PRIVATE DETECTIVE WORK AND I BELIEVE YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WHO CAN AID ME. I'D LIKE YOU TO READ THIS NOTE.



I swore I'd get even with you, Ambrose, and tonight will be my night! Better watch your paintings—they will be missing by morning!



THERE'D BE TOO MUCH UNFAVORABLE PUBLICITY IF I CALLED THE POLICE. SO I CAME TO YOU. OF COURSE YOU'LL BE WELL PAID. WILL YOU TAKE THE CASE?

FORGET ABOUT THE MONEY FOR THE PRESENT, AND LET'S GET STARTED ON THIS CASE RIGHT AWAY!



AN HOUR LATER, MR. AMBROSE, IN REALITY A SUAVE THIEF, TELLS HIS HENCHMEN OF HIS VISIT.



IT WORKED PERFECTLY!



HE'S GOT THE KEY TO THE WEST WING. AS HE ENTERS, HE'LL TRIP THE ALARM AND THE GUARDS WILL COME AFTER HIM!

DURING THE EXCITEMENT, WE'LL TAKE THE PICTURES FROM THE EAST WING! WE CAN'T MISS!!



THAT NIGHT, DARREL GOES TO THE HUGE MUSEUM...



IN THE SHADOWS ACROSS THE STREET, A GROUP OF MEN WATCH DARREL FROM A CAR...



O.K., HE'S INSIDE-CMON, LET'S GET GOING!



AS DARREL PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN, THE LOUD CLAMOR OF A BURGLAR ALARM IS HEARD.



AT ONCE, HE IS ATTACKED BY A NUMBER OF MEN...



HE FIGHTS FURIOUSLY, BUT IS QUICKLY OVERPOWERED...



O.K. KEEP 'EM UP!



AT PISTOL'S POINT, DARREL IS FORCED UP TO AN OFFICE. WE CAUGHT THIS GUY BREAKING IN, DIRECTOR CARRUTHERS!



THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE! MR. AMBROSE HIRED ME TO PROTECT HIS GOYA PAINTINGS!



AMBROSE? I KNOW OF NO SUCH PERSON!





YOU ARE A THIEF!
I SHALL TURN YOU
OVER TO THE
POLICE!



THIS IS A TOUGH SPOT. I'LL
TAKE ONE OF MY REDUCTION
TABLETS AND GO TO THE
EAST WING...
AS THE
DOLLMAN!



GREAT SCOTT! THE MAN'S
VANISHED! ALL THAT'S LEFT
ARE HIS CLOTHES!

QUICKLY RUNNING TO THE EAST
WING OF THE MUSEUM, DARREL
SEES AMBROSE ESCAPING
THROUGH A WINDOW.



CRASHING THROUGH THE GLASS,
DARREL DASHES AFTER AMBROSE



QUICK! LET'S GET AWAY
FROM HERE!

UNAWARE OF DARREL HANGING
TO THE REAR OF THE CAR, THE
GANGSTERS SPEED AWAY.



THE THIEVES ARRIVE AT THEIR
HIDEOUT WITH THE PAINTINGS
DONE BY THE FAMOUS GOYA.



EXCELLENT!
THESE "GOYAS" WILL
BRING US A
FORTUNE!



HELLO? WHO PUT
THAT NEW STATUE
THERE?



LUCKY IT'S IN THE
SHADOW. WHAT AN
UGLY PIECE! NO
LINE, NO
GRACE--



BUT PLENTY OF
DYNAMIC POWER, YOU
CROOK!



Another exciting adventure of The Dollman in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*



"POOR MR. SHULTZ FORGOT AND PUT HIS SHOES OUT TO BE SHINED LAST NIGHT!"



"MAYBE YOU ARE TWINS — BUT YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T WEAR THE SAME NUMBER HERE!"



"FOR TWO CENTS I'D GIVE UP WEARING A RIBBON AND LET MY HAIR FALL FREE!"

THIS GENUINE JUNIOR GUITAR FOR YOU!

Get this handsome instrument NOW. Give's you. Just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY) WE TRUST YOU with 24 packs of Golden Seeds to sell in 10¢ a pack. When sold, you'll get \$4.00 collected and WE WILL SEND this handsome Junior guitar and five minute instruction book absolutely FREE. Write for seeds NOW. A post card will do. Address: LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY, Station 163, Paradise, Pennsylvania.

BOTH YOURS FREE

of extra cost. Sell only 15 pkts. seeds at 10¢ ea. Picture Ring & Birth Stone Ring Both Given. ORDER TODAY. WE TRUST YOU. Send No Money. Paradise Seed Co., Box 316 Paradise, PA.

To You FREE

of extra cost. Sell only 15 pkts. "Golden" Seeds at 10¢ ea. "New" Automatic Pencil and Knife Set. Order TODAY. WE TRUST YOU. SEND NO MONEY. Paradise Seed Co., Box 167 Paradise, Pa.



"C'MON — DON'T JUST STAND THERE — SAY SOMETHING!"



"DEAR, I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING FIDO INTO THIS OFFICE!"

JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

HERE IS A
PITCHER
OF MY
COUSIN
HERMAN
MAFFEL...
STANDIN'
BY
HIS MOVIN'
TRUCK.



OH—HERE'S
MY OLD
FRIEND,
BATEESE...
HE WAS
FROM
CANADA
AN' KNOBBY
SAID WHEELS
WAS LOOSE
IN HIS
HEAD.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



HOW'S BUSINESS? AWFUL! IF
OVER AT YOUR WE HAVE TWO
RESTAURANT, CUSTOMERS
JACK? FOR DINNER WE'RE
LUCKY!



SAY—YOU KNOW AN' HOW!!
MR. WEIDEBOTTOM HE'S TH'
—DON'T YOU? WORST
CHISLER I EVER
SAW!



WHY HE'S BEEN EATING AT MY PLACE
FOR MONTHS ON SAPH!
CREDIT! AND ONLY WHY DID
THE BEST—HE 'IM GIT
OWES ME 'IM AWAY WITH
\$800!! IT?



HE SAID HE GOT HA-HA!!
MY SISTER HER THAT FAT
JOB WITH THE BLUFF AIN'T
CITY— GOT NO
PULL!



I THINK I'LL CALL OKAY—
THE PLACE AND BUT DON'T
SEE IF THERE'S HOLD UP
ANY LATE OUR GAME!
BUSINESS—



BOY! GOOD NEWS!! I'LL SAY!
'GOOD TIME HARRY HIS BILL
GONKLEY' CAME IN WILL BE
WITH A PARTY—HE HIGH!
REALLY SPENDS BIG



HRRMF—BY JOVE—
BRRFSK—DON'T MIND
SETTING A TABLE
FOR ME, MY
MAN!



BRRFSK!! AH— W-WHAT?
GREETINGS, FOLKS! DOES
WHAT A JOLLY ANYBODY
LITTLE CROWD! KNOW THIS
GUY, HARRY?



HERE—HERE—BRRFSK!
I INSIST ON TAKING
THIS CHECK!!



YES—I'LL SIGN THE
CHECK—AND I'M
ADDING \$5.00 ON
AS YOUR TIP!



JACK, YOUR MANAGER WOW!
IS ON THE PHONE— THAT'S
HE SAID T'TELL YOUSE SURE
THAT CHECK WAS A
\$800— HELP!



--AN' HE SAID THAT OOWW!
MR. WEIDEBOTTOM I'M
KINDLY INSISTED ON SUNK!
SIGNIN' FER THE
CHECK— AN'---

JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS HERE'S A PITCHER OF JIMMY McLARNIN, EX-WELTER CHAMPION—AND ONE OF TH' NICEST FELLAS IN THE BOXIN' GAME—



OH—HERE'S OLD MAXIE ROSEN—BLOOM, WHO USETA BE LIGHT-HEAVY KING—NOW HE ACTS IN MOVIES OUT IN HOLLYWOOD



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

AN' HERE IS A SHOT OF A MAN THAT WAS MY BUDDY... AN' A FINE AMERICAN... TH' ONE AN' ONLY—WILL ROGERS—



HERE'S A FOTO OF MR. A. ROMA -- OUR GARBAGE MAN. HE'S ENGAGED T'MY FIRST COUSIN, HENRIETTA PALOOKA.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS A PITCHER OF ME WITH TWO OF MY PALS IN A COAL MINE BACK HOME. WE WORKED T'GETHER FER SOME TIME.



HERE'S MY BEST PAL, EMIL CASSIDY. HE'S AWFIL CLEVER AN' FOLKS SAYS THAT HE SHOULD GO ON TH' STAGE DOIN' IMITATIONS.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



Follow Joe Palooka in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale January 31st.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. FOWLER



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEPEW

THAT GUY BRANT MADE SUCH A MONKEY OF ME I FEEL LIKE CLIMBING A TREE!

HE SURE BEAT US WITH THAT WHIRLWIND DASH!

THAT STEEL PLATE OF HIS COVERED UP THE FOOT THAT WASN'T HURT—

AND YOU KEPT CRACKING THAT PLATE, TRYING TO GET HIM OUT OF THE GAME

THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE HARDLY ABLE TO SKATE, NED—THEN YOU CUT LOOSE!

YOU DESERVE THE CREDIT, BUD—THE PROTECTOR ON THE WRONG SHOE WAS YOUR IDEA

YOUR PLAN WORKED LIKE A CHARM, BUD—AND YOU WERE MARVELOUS, NED!

SAY, I PLAYED, TOO! I WAS THAT DAZZLING SKATER.

HOW ABOUT A DANCE WITH ME TO SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION, GAIL?

CAN'T HAVE A DATE WITH NED

I'D BREAK MY NECK FOR YOU, BUD, BUT NOT A DATE WITH GAIL

LISTEN, GAIL—LET'S BE PRACTICAL ABOUT THIS THING—

YOU GO OUT WITH NED AND HE'S SO UNINTERESTING YOU HAVE TO KEEP KICKING YOURSELF IN THE SHINS TO STAY AWAKE—

WELL, IF I WENT TO A DANCE WITH YOU, YOU'D KEEP KICKING ME IN THE SHINS—SO WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

WHAT'S THE IDEA, BUD?

SO YOU WON'T GET COLD BACK HERE, NED—I'M TAKING GAIL HOME!

HEY!

JUST ANOTHER OF THE SEASON'S MAJOR UPSETS, BUD!

IF I G-G-G-GET PNEUMONIA, I'LL S-S-S-SUE!

WE'LL STOP AT INTERVALS AND TAKE HIS PULSE AND TEMPERATURE. EH?

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. W. DUFFY



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DODMAN



Ned Brant is continued in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS to arrive January 21st

LALA PALOOZA

BUT, VINCENT- YOU HAVE TO COME TO THE MASQUERADE-
GO OUT AND HIRE A COSTUME AND
MEET ME AT THE
BALLROOM-

DAWGONE IT! LALA'S ALWAYS
THINKIN' UP GOOFY IDEAS AN'
INCLUDIN' ME IN 'EM!



AH, YES SIR, YOU ARE THE
DEBONAIR TYPE - I HAVE
THE VERY COSTUME
FOR YOU.

OKAY, BUDDY-
TROT 'ER
OUT!



IF I LOOK LIKE I FEEL
I MUST LOOK
LIKE THE
DICKENS!



GOSH-EVERYBODY'S STARIN'
AT ME - I
SHOULDA
TAKEN A
TAXI!



...AND IF YOU'RE
NOT A GOOD BOY
A MAN WITH A
PITCHFORK AND
HORNS WILL
COME UP OUT
OF THE GROUND
AND...



GOLLY, MOM-
THERE HE
IS
NOW!



HUH-I GUESS I SCARED
THOSE PEOPLE -
MAYBE I'D BETTER
STAY DOWN HERE
'TIL THEY
QUIT
YELLIN'!



HELP
POLICE



LALA PALOOZA

VINCENT, IF LAZINESS WAS SAND YOU'D BE A SAHARA DESERT!



Lala Palooza appears every month in FEATURE COMICS.

Charlie CHAN

by Alfred ANDRIOLA

WHAT HAS HAPPENED....

WITH CHARLIE MAS—
OVERADING AS WILLIE
SOO, A COOK, AND KIRK
DISGUISED AS KEENE,
ONE OF THE KIDNAPERS
OF DONNA GRANT, THE
TWO DETECTIVES HAVE
BEEN LED TO THE
ISLAND HIDEOUT BY
DOC, ANOTHER MEMBER
OF THE GANG.

THEY FIND DONNA,
BUT KIRK IS FORCED
TO SPLIT THE PRISON
MONEY WITH DOC, MIKE
AND FROG.

EARLY THE NEXT
MORNING....



THE MEN TAKE COVER IN THE HOUSE.... IN A FEW
MINUTES THEY SEE ONLY ONE MAN GET OUT OF
THE PLANE....









CONTINUED... FOLLOW CHARLIE CHAN AS HE LEAVES FOR THE UNITED STATES AND FURTHER ADVENTURE... IN THE NEXT ISSUE..

TODDY

By
GEORGE MARCOUX



MORTIMER MUM



TODDY

By
GEORGE MARCOUX



More of Toddy and Mortimer Mum in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Big Top



I GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR KIDS SNEAKIN' INTO TH' BIG TENT!



AH!—THERE'S NUMBER ONE!



WHAT HAVE Y'GOT THERE, CASEY?—A BANK ROBBER?

TH' BOSS TOLD ME T'TOSS OUT ANY KIDS I CAUGHT SNEAKIN' INTO TH' BIG TENT!



BUT GOSH, CASEY, WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT, BANDITS MAY BE HOLDING UP THE TICKET WAGON!

GOLLY/ YER RIGHT— SAY, YOU TOSS THIS KID OUT, EH?



HEY, MIKE—THIS YOUNG FELLA WOULD LIKE TO EARN A TICKET TO THE SHOW!

SEND HIM OVER TO ALTA, THE ELEPHANT—SHE'S THIRSTY!



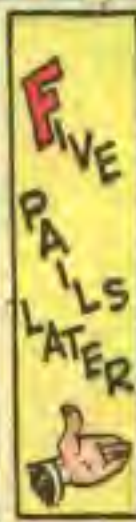
HUH—THIS IS A CINCH— IF I THOUGHT GETTIN' A TICKET WAS GONNA BE THIS EASY I WOULDN'T HAVE TRIED T'SNEAK IN!



HM—IT'S FUNNY, BUT THESE PAILS AIN'T AT ALL HEAVY 'TILL Y'PUT WATER IN 'EM—



WOW! THIS BABY TAKES A WHOLE PAIL OF WATER IN ONE SNIFF!



PUFF PUFF— I'M BEGINNING TO GET AN AWFUL DISLIKE FOR ELEPHANTS!



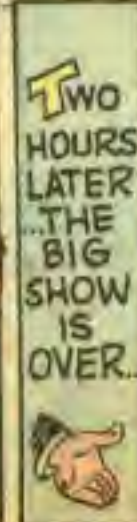
PUFF—PUFF— HEY—DIDN'T YOU EVER HAVE A DRINK BEFORE?



PHIEW! I'M LICKED— I'VE CARRIED ENOUGH WATER T'FLOAT THE QUEEN MARY!



HEY, KIDDO—THE SHOW'S GONNA START— HERE'S A TICKET!



HI THERE, SONNY— WASN'T IT A GREAT SHOW?

I DON'T KNOW— I WAS SO TIRED FROM CARRYIN' WATER THAT I SLEPT ALL THROUGH IT!!

BIG TOP

HEY, BUTCH—
I WANT TO
TALK TO
YOU

YOUR ACT HARDLY GOT A
LAUGH AT THE LAST SHOW.
BUTCH—YOU'D BETTER
PRACTICE SOME
NEW STUNTS

OK
BOSS

NO WONDER MY ACT AIN'T
CLICKING--THIS COUGH
HAS ME DOWN--OH WELL,
I GUESS I'LL TAKE
A DOSE OF MY
MEDECINE

HEY, SNOWBALL!—
WHERE'S MILDRED THE
KICKING
MULE?

...YO' MEANS YO'
WANTS ME TO
SMACK DIS YER
MULE WIF DIS
YER BOARD?

YEAH—SO
SHE'LL KICK
ME GOOD
AN'
HARD

OW!

WHAP

YO'
SHO' GOT
KICKED,
MISTER
BUTCH!

WOW! THAT'S A LITTLE
TOO TOUGH ON THE
OL' CHASSIS— I'VE
GOTTA DO
SOMETHIN'
ELSE

LOOK—THE
JUGGLER
IS USIN'
BUTCH

YEAH—
INSTEAD
OF A
BARREL

HAVE
Y' GOT
ENOUGH,
BUTCH?

LET 'ER
SWING ME,
A LITTLE
MORE, JOE

SAY, BOSS, HAVE YOU
SEEN SOME OF
BUTCH'S NEW
STUNTS—
THEY'RE
A
SCREAM!

THAT'S
FINE!
HIS OLD
ACT WAS
BEGINNING
TO FLOP!

SAY BUTCH—I HEAR THOSE
NEW STUNTS ARE GOOD
BUT YOU SHOULDN'T
PRACTICE TOO
MANY

I WASN'T PRACTICING
NEW STUNTS, BOSS—
I SWALLOWED MY
COUGH MEDECINE...

BEFORE I READ
THE
DIRECTIONS!

SHAKE
WELL
BEFORE
USING

**GOOD
DEEDS
DIXIE**



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



**GOOD
DEAD
DAY**



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



Read Dixie Dugan each month in FEATURE COMICS.

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About
the Fastest
Mile Ever
Traveled
on Land

Facing death every second, England's famous Sir Malcolm Campbell sent his Bluebird Special over the salt beds of Utah. He roars over the measured mile in 11.83 seconds!



WATCH OUT! AS HE SLOWS DOWN
A TIRE BLOWS--- HE MAY BE KILLED!!



HE GRIPS THE WHEEL...
... QUICK HANDS CHANGE
TIRES... HE'S OFF AGAIN!!

The huge man-made monster seems eager to wrench itself free from those masterful driving hands as it thunders back over the course and fairly flies across the finish line in 12.08 seconds.



It was Sept. 3, 1935, that this fearless Briton, Sir Malcolm Campbell, twice flashed over the salt at an average speed of 301.1242 miles an hour... the greatest speed ever made on land!



BRIAN
O'BRIEN,
ACE
CRIMIN-
OLOGIST,
RECEIVES
A
PHONE
CALL-









EASY OLD CHAP, DON'T GET
EXCITED- TELL ME
YOUR STORY, QUICKLY-

I GOT IN SOME TROUBLE--
NOT BAD-WHOEVER FOUND
IT OUT DEMANDED MY
RUBY COLLECTION
TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT
IT---

DUE
TO HIS
CONDITION
HOLT'S
VOICE
BEGINS
TO
WEAKEN



DON'T STOP NOW, MAN -
WHO THREATENED YOU?

I-GOT-NOTE--TO
TURN STONES OVER
TO--MESSENGER--
SIGNED--"REAPER"--



THIS CONFIRMS THAT NOTE
I FOUND, AND THERE'S ONLY
ONE CROOK IN
THE CITY KNOWN
AS "THE REAPER"--
I THINK I'LL PAY
HIM A LITTLE
VISIT---

MEANWHILE-



TRIGGER! --
WHERE'S DUTCH?

HE'S DEAD, "
IS "TH' REAPER"
IN?



YES, GO IN THERE,
YOU KNOW WHAT TO
DO---AN' TALK LOUD
ENOUGH!



YES,
TRIGGER?

THEY GOT
DUTCH, CHIEF--



-WHEN WE SAW HOLT TALKIN' TO
CAPT. KANE AN' ANOTHER GUY, WE
FIGGERED HE WAS CALLIN' IN TH'
COPS, SO I LET'M HAVE IT--WE
WAS CHASED BY KANE AN' THIS
OTHER MUG AN' THEY SHOT OUR
TIRES AN' MADE US TURN OVER--



-DUTCH WAS KILLED
AN' I GOT AWAY AN'
CAME STRAIGHT HERE,
THAT'S ALL!

VERY WELL, TRIGGER,
YOU MAY GO, BUT BE
NEAR-BY, I MAY NEED
YOU SHORTLY!



ATTENTION, MEN! -DOC, FIND OUT WHAT HOSPITAL HOLT IS IN AND WATCH IT DAY AND NIGHT --I WANT THE MEDDLE-SOME FOOL THAT DROVE KANE TONIGHT-HE'S GOING TO PAY FOR DUTCH'S LIFE WITH HIS OWN!

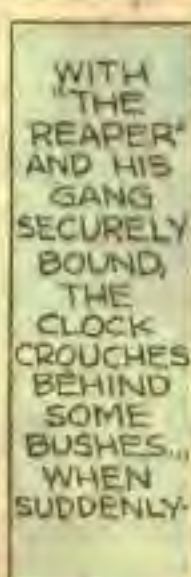


THAT'S ONE ORDER THAT WON'T BE CARRIED OUT, MR. REAPER-

TH'-CLOCK!-



--AND DON'T BOTHER TO CALL FOR 'HELP'-DOC AND TRIGGER ARE TIED UP, JUST AS YOU'RE GOING TO BE, NOW GO OUT INTO THE HALL---



WITH "THE REAPER" AND HIS GANG SECURELY BOUND, THE CLOCK CROUCHES BEHIND SOME BUSHES... WHEN SUDDENLY-



AH!-AN OFFICER, I'LL INFORM HIM OF THE GANG AND AT THE SAME TIME HAVE A LITTLE FUN BY THROWING MY VOICE---



AS THE POLICEMAN PASSES A TELEPHONE POLE ---

OH, OFFICER - IF YOU GO TO 33 PINE STREET, YOU'LL FIND "THE REAPER" AND HIS GANG TIED UP--

WHAT, TH'-?



--THEY'RE WANTED FOR THE SHOOTING OF TED HOLT--

W-WHERE ARE YA?? -- W-WHO ARE YA??



-- DELIVER THEM TO CAPTAIN KANE -WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE CLOCK!

OH--!!



- AN' THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED, CAPTAIN-- FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT I WAS SCREWY!

ER-AH --- NICE WORK, HOGAN!

RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

**BRAIN DERBY
BRIDGE TABLE TEST**
SHOULD A PERSON BE A
WRESTLER TO OPEN A
BRIDGE TABLE?
...
SHOULD YOU CHOP OFF
A TABLE'S LEGS TO SUIT
A PLAYER'S HEIGHT?
...
IF A PLAYER PUTS HIS
FEET ON THE TABLE SHOULD
EVERYONE ELSE GO TO THE MOVIES?

OUR SPECIAL BRIDGE
TABLE TO PREVENT
PARTNERS FROM
GIVING SIGNALS
UNDER THE TABLE...

OUR VERY LATEST INVENTION
OR HOW TO AVOID LEAVING MONEY OR
KEYS IN YOUR SUIT WHEN IT GOES TO
THE TAILOR

WHEN TAILOR ENTERS DOOR 'A'--STRING 'B'
TURNS ON MOVIE MACHINE 'C' SHOWING AN
AWFULLY BAD PICTURE--MIDGET 'E' IS
BORED AND LIFTS ARM 'F' TO YAWN--THE
PULLS CORK 'G' AND LETS WATER FROM
TANK 'H'--BLOWFISH 'I' SWELLS UP,
PUSHING PISTON 'J' AND CAUSING HAND 'K'
TO SQUIRT SYPHON INTO MIDGETS OPEN
MOUTH--HE JERKS MADLY, STARTING
WHEELS WHICH SHAKE ROD AND COAT...
THUS ANY MONEY OR KEYS JINGLES....



FOOLISH QUESTIONS--NO ZENNS



OH--NO
MATTER HOW
I LIE ON
THIS BED
I CAN'T
GET TO
SLEEP



HEY!
YOU
WITH
THE
SHEEP--COME
HERE A MINUTE!



384-385--
386-387--
388-389--
390-3--
ZZZZZZ--
ZZZ



NIBBSY--
THAT'S
ME!



CANDID CARTOONS



WILL YA LISSEN
T' THAT HOCEY!
AND PEOPLE
LISTENING
IN REALLY
BELIEVE
HIM--!



LOOKIT THE
PORTER,
WAITIN'
TO
SWEEP
UP!



HEY! WHY DIDN'T
THOSE OTHER CARD
HOLDERS DOWN
THERE SHOW UP?



BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR



JANE ARDEN

by Theda Barrett and Harold E. Hunt

JANE HAS TRIED TO HELP THE FEDERAL MEN LOCATE THE STOLEN GEMS ON "THE MAN WITH THE SCAR"~



THIS IS SILLY!

WE MUST SEARCH YOU—STEP THIS WAY----



WELL, WE CAN'T FIND THEM—BUT WE KNOW HE HAS THEM!

AND I WAS SURE WE HAD HIM!



NOW, WHERE COULD HE HAVE HIDDEN THOSE JEWELS?



IF WE CAN'T FIND THEM WE MUST RELEASE HIM, JANE---

OKAY, I'M GOING TO MEET HIM AT THAT CROOKED DEALER'S PLACE--- HE STILL THINKS I'M HIS OLD PARTNER!



HMM--SO YOU'RE BACK! I DO HOPE YOUR TRIP WAS ER-ER-PROFITABLE?



OH YES--I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH "THE MAN WITH THE SCAR" YOU KNOW!

FINE! SAY, YOU TWO AS PALS COULD CARRY OFF THE MINT!!



YES! SHE COULD, BECAUSE SHE WORKS FOR THE GOVERNMENT NOW!



WHAT?? SHE'S A STOOL PIGEON?

AND HOW!! SHE PUT THE FEDERAL COPS ON ME—BUT I FOOLED 'EM!



THE STONES WEREN'T WHERE SHE TIPPED THE COPS OFF TO LOOK FOR THEM!

THEN SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH! WE MUST SHUT HER UP!!



I LOOK, LENA—A GAS BUGGY COMIN'!!

HMM—I'LL BET IT'S A STRANGER FROM THE CITY!



NOW LEMME DO TH' TALKIN, GAL! NO TELLIN' WHO IT KIN BE!!



I'M LOOKING FOR REB PERKISER--DO YOU KNOW HIM?

I'LL GO AN' SHOW YOU HIS HOUSE--



C'MON, GAL--NO!! IF GIT BACK TO YER CHOKES!

GO, I'LL JUST GO!



I CAN'T FIGURE WHAT AILS DAN'L—HE KNOWS REB PERKISER WELL AN--

EEEEKK!



DON'T BE AFRAID--IT'S ONLY A BLOW-OUT!

WOW! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MISTER!



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE FOR MEN

JANE ARDEN

A. J. Duggan, M. A. Hoggart, and R. S. Meade

YOU THOUGHT YOU
HAD ME WHEN I
SHOWED YOU WHERE
I WAS HIDING THE
GEMS! HA-HA!!-
BUT YOUR AGENTS
DIDN'T FIND THEM!

DON'T BE
A SAP---
I'VE DONE
TOO
MANY
THINGS TO
IN
THE
PAST---

SAY! I'VE
BOUGHT
"STUFF"
FROM
HER—I'M
IN A SPOT!

SO AM
IN A

WELL—SHE
SERVED A
GOOD
PURPOSE--
BECAUSE
SMUGGLED
THE GEM

INTO THE
COUNTRY IN
HER OWN
COAT! HA HA!

BUT YOU MUST HAVE TRUSTED ME TO KNOW I'D COME HERE!

I KNEW
IT WAS
PART OF
YOUR
SCHEME!

BUT I COULD
HAVE HAD
RUCKER HERE
ARRESTED
BEFORE!

AND I CHECKED
UP ON HER
BEFORE I
DEALT WITH
HER //

WELL,
NOW
THEY GOT
US BOTH IF
SHE GETS
AWAY—

BUT SHE
WON'T LEAVE
HERE— SO WE
HAVE NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT.

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS...

JANE HAS MET THE MAN WITH THE SCAR AT RUCKER'S BY NOW...

WE
MUST
HURRY-
HE'LL
KNOW BY
NOW THAT
JANE IS
WORKING
WITH OUR
FEDERAL
OFFICE!

SHE
MAY BE
IN A TRAP
RIGHT
NOW!

WITHOUT HER
WE HAVEN'T
ANY CASE--
AND HE
KNOWS
IT!

STEP ON IT
WE MAY BE
TOO LATE!

AS
LENA
AND THE
STRANGER
ARE
FIRED
UPON

OH - THEY PROBABLY
THINK YOU'RE A
REVENOGER!

DON'T
SHOOT—I'M
A GOVERN-
MENT MAN
!!

LET 'IM HAVE IT,
BOYS—I TOLD YA HE
WAS A REVENOGER.

LOOKIT--HE'S
WAVIN' A WHITE
FLAG--LET'S HEAR
WHAT HE GOT
T'SAY--

LISTEN—I'VE GOT TO
FIND REB PERKISER
TO GIVE HIM THIS
FARM RELIEF CHECK
FOR \$4.48 !!

HEY! I'M REB PERKISER
--GIMME THAT!!
D'YA HEAR??

**MONEY?
DON'T LET
'IM GIT AWAY
FROM MEAH.**

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Marie Barrett and Russell E. Rime

RUSHING TO JANE'S AID, THE AGENTS NOW ENTER THE STORE OF THE CROOK RUCKER.



JANE ARDEN

by ALBERT BARNETT and HAROLD L. FINE



OFF *The* RECORD

By ED REED,

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"SPIKE JUST CAN'T STAND SEEING ME HURT!"

"THEY'RE MAD AND GOING BACK HOME BECAUSE I WON'T TEACH ANY OF THEM TO DRIVE!"



"GOSH - WE CAN'T HIT HIM NOW - HE HAS GLASSES!"



YOUNG SCIENTIST AMAZES HIS DAD!

THERE YOU ARE, DAD! THAT'LL KEEP FROST FROM FORMING ON THE WINDSHIELD.

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REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by ART PINAJIAN

SO, THE "FLYING DEATH" HAS STRUCK AT BIG EAGLE'S TRIBE AND KILLED A BRAVE—WELL—I'VE GOT TO CLEAR IT UP... SO HERE GOES!!

I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT RED WING'S DEATH, CHIEF BIG EAGLE—I'M HERE TO FIND OUT WHO DID IT!!

GOOD, RED COAT—BIG EAGLE WILL TRY TO HELP YOU—

HMM—FANCY MEETING YOU HERE, DU BOIS! BEEN GETTING AROUND A LOT LATELY, EH?

REMEMBER DU BOIS, YOU'VE GOT A PRISON RECORD—AND IF I SEE YOU MAKE A WRONG MOVE I'LL RUN YOU IN—UNDERSTAND??

YES SIR!

I'M GOING STRAIGHT NOW, SERGEANT—AND DOING BUSINESS WITH SOME BRAVES! BIG EAGLE HERE CAN PROVE THAT—WELL—SEE YOU LATER!

HIM—TRICKY FELLER—KEEP EYE ON HIM—MAKES TROUBLE HERE!

YES—I WILL, CHIEF—NOW, HOW ABOUT GIVING ME THE DETAILS OF RED WING'S DEATH??

BRAVE WAS KILLED WITH POISONED DART—HERE IS NOTE FOUND BESIDE BODY!!

POISONED DART, EH?—LET'S SEE THAT NOTE!!

RED WING WAS GOOD INDIAN—HOPE YOU BRING KILLER TO JUSTICE!!

HE WHO DOES NOT FOLLOW MY ORDERS, DIES!!
THE FLYING DEATH—

AT THE DEAD INDIAN'S WIGWAM... REYNOLDS SEARCHES FOR CLUES -



IN A DARK CORNER OF THE WIGWAM, REYNOLDS SILENTLY WAITS-- SUDDENLY...



--A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE OPENING OF THE TENT--



THEN A WHIZZING SOUND BREAKS THE SILENCE AS A DART FLIES INTO THE PILE OF BLANKETS!!!



---AND REYNOLDS LEAPS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE...









ANOTHER YEAR SHOT... SURE--I'M SMARTER THAN ANY COP LEFT!!



LOOK!! WHAT'S UNDER THAT SNOW?



IT'S MY DOG... HIS LEGS ARE TOO SHORT FOR DEEP SNOW!!

THE BUNGLE FAMILY

Resolved:

By H. J. TUTHILL



NO HUM--WHAT A BIG RELIEF IT IS TO KNOW THAT NEW YEARS IS OVER AND--



OH!! SO DON'T BE IT'S HARD ON YOU, ME, GEORGE! EH?



WHAT'S THE CRYING FOR, EDDIE? BAH--IT'S NEW YEARS AND I'VE BEEN THINKING OF RESOLUTIONS--GEE--HOW I'VE BATTED YOU ABOUT THIS PAST YEAR--



WHY--YOU DIDN'T BAT ME AROUND, EDDIE! BUT--HOW ABOUT THE CLUBBING I GAVE YOU IN JULY?



REMEMBER HOW I CAME TO YOU AND WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING I JUST HAULED OFF AND--



...SWUNG HARD LIKE THIS.... OHH!!.. I'VE HIT YOU AGAIN, FRIEND.... OHH.... I'M SORRY!!



HEY!! WHAT?? WHO?? WHERE?? OHH... FORGIVE ME, GEORGE...



I APOLOGIZE... HERE, TAKE THIS 35¢ CIGAR AS A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP... I'LL PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET HERE...



WHOO!! WHERE AM I NOW?? OH YES... THE HOUSE...



THAT BUM!! AS MY HEAD CLEARS I REALIZE HE PUT OVER A FAST ONE...



WELL--THE FIRST TIME I MEET HIM IN THE HALL I'LL JUST...



BANG



YES... EDGAR SAID THAT IF YOU WANTED HIM TO TELL YOU THAT HE DIDN'T JUST KNOW WHEN HE'D BE BACK!



HMM... IT'S TWO IN THE MORNING AND HE HASN'T COME IN YET... THAT MUST BE A MILK-MAN WITH BOTTLES..



AH... YOU!! AND MAKING NOISE LIKE A MILKMAN TO FOOL ME!! WELL, KID.. GET READY TO BOUNCE !!



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

ANYHOW GEORGE TRIED

By J. TUTHILL



More of The Bungles in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS

RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT
OF
THE WEST"

by WILL ARTHUR

FOR HUNDREDS OF LONELY MILES ACROSS THE ARID DESERT THE ONLY SIGN OF MAN IS THE MONOTONOUS STEEL TRACK CONNECTING THE CATTLE COUNTRY WITH THE MEAT-CONSUMING EASTERN STATES...

SWIFTLY AND WITHOUT WARNING ONE DAY TRAGEDY STRIKES! A FULL TRAINLOAD OF STEERS IS DERAILED AND WRECKED A FEW MILES OUT OF CRONINSVILLE, THE CATTLE TOWN WHERE IT HAD BEEN LOADED. AMONG THE FIRST TO REACH THE SCENE ARE RANCE AND PEE WEE LEE...



WHAT A RUINED THING THAT IS, RANCE!

RUINED IS RIGHT, PEE WEE, BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT CAUSED IT!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND AND SEE WHAT WE CAN SEE!

ALL I CAN SEE IS A BUNCH OF BENT-UP IRON AND STUFF!



IT MUST HAVE GONE OFF TRACK RIGHT ABOUT HERE...

THE TRACK LOOKS KINDA FUNNY THERE, DON'T YOU RECKON?



THAT SPIKE HAS BEEN MOVED! SOMEONE HAS INTENTIONALLY DERAILED THIS TRAIN!



RANCE STUDIES THE TRACK AND THE SURROUNDING TRACK BED AND TAKES CAREFUL NOTE OF A CURIOUS SET OF HEAVY FOOTPRINTS NEAR THE TIE THAT WAS TAMPERED WITH.....

PEE WEE, WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE MAD MAN WHO WRECKED THIS TRAIN BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN! WE HAVE ONE CLUE... THE FOOTPRINTS WERE ALL MADE BY A RIGHT HAND SHOE! WE HAVE TO FIND A MAN WHO HAS LOST HIS LEFT LEG!





LET'S RIDE INTO TOWN AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUR ONE-LEGGED FRIEND!



RANCE AND PEE WEE MOUNT AND SPUR THEIR HORSES AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY...



THIS IS CRONINSVILLE, RANCE! WHAT WE GONNA DO NOW?

THERE'S AN OLD CODGER THAT LOOKS LIKE HE WOULD KNOW EVERYONE IN TOWN! LET'S SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!



HOWDY, PARTNER! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FELLOW WHO HAS LOST HIS LEFT LEG... CAN YOU TELL US IF THERE IS SUCH A PERSON LIVING HEREABOUTS?

AIN'T NO SUCH PERSON IN CRONINSVILLE! I BEEN LIVIN' HERE FER FORTY YEARS AND I KNOW EVERY LAST CRITTER IN TOWN!



WELL PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL US THIS... WHO WAS SHIPPING MOST OF THOSE STEERS THAT LEFT ON THAT TRAIN TODAY?

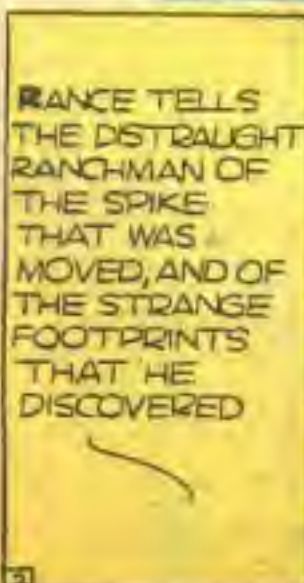
THOSE STEERS CAME FROM THE BAR-Q RANCH, RUN BY JIM BENSCHOTER! A FINE FELLER HE IS, TOO!

THE BOYS HURRY OUT TO TALK TO BENSCHOTER, WHO HAS ALREADY GOTTEN THE NEWS THAT THE TRAIN HAS BEEN WRECKED...



I CAN'T TALK TO ANYONE! LOSING THAT SHIPMENT RUINS ME! I'LL HAVE TO SELL THE RANCH NOW!

WE WANT TO HELP YOU! IF YOU CAN GIVE US A LITTLE INFORMATION WE MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE YOU FROM LOSING YOUR RANCH!



RANCE TELLS THE DISTRAUGHT RANCHMAN OF THE SPIKE THAT WAS MOVED, AND OF THE STRANGE FOOTPRINTS THAT HE DISCOVERED



NOBODY WOULD DERAIL THE TRAIN TO RUIN ME! I HAVE NO ENEMIES! THE ONLY PERSON THAT WOULD LIKE TO HAVE ME SELL OUT IS GUS DROPPER, AND HE IS NOT ONE-LEGGED!



I THINK WE'LL GO AND CHECK UP ON THIS GUS DROPPER ANYWAY, EVEN THOUGH HE DOES HAVE BOTH HIS LEGS...

SUIT YOURSELF...HE LIVES OVER BY BASIN GULCH!



AS A PRECAUTION,
RANCE LEAVES
PEE WEE TO
WATCH AT THE
CABIN WINDOW
WHILE HE GOES
TO THE DOOR
ALONE....



INSIDE THE
CABIN RANCE'S
WELL TRAINED
EYES OBSERVE
MANY THINGS
THAT MOST
PEOPLE WOULD
FAIL TO
NOTICE....



WITH THE
SPEED AND
AGILITY OF
A CAT RANCE
REACHES
DOWN UNDER
DROPPER'S
BED AND
PICKS UP TWO
IDENTICAL
RIGHT
SHOES...





RANCE DUCKS UNDER THE FLYING HATCHET AND.....



RANCE TIES DROPPER SO THAT HE CAN'T ESCAPE AND THEN GOES OUTSIDE TO SEE WHY PEE WEE DIDN'T COME TO HIS ASSISTANCE...



Whispering Walls

By A. L. ALLEN

"Hey, Roy! Better use your spurs on that nag," Jack called back over his shoulder, "it's going to rain tad-poles and little fishes in a minute."

Roy looked up at the sky and grunted. "Rain my good right eye!" he scoffed. "There isn't a cloud in the sky. The sun's going down, that's all."

"Cloud or no cloud," Jack laughed, "I tell you it's going to rain. If you don't want to get wet you'd better get a move on." He spurred his horse. This tender-foot cousin of his was funny. Didn't know a thing about the West.

They hadn't gone a hundred yards when the rain started to come down in sheets. Suddenly, as though a dark curtain had been drawn across the sky the heavens opened up.

Jack had been raised in this country. He'd seen rains come like that before. There was nothing to do now but take it. But Roy wasn't in a mood to take it. He began to grumble. His suit would be ruined, his boots were already filled with water. They must find shelter some place. Wasn't there any place in this forsaken spot where they could go until the rain stopped?

"Yes, there is a place," Jack was a little irritated. "But I don't think you'd like it."

"Like it? Why not? If it's got walls and a roof I'd like it. Let's go."

Jack grinned. "Okay. You asked for it," he said and turned his horse down a weed-grown path. "It's an old ruin and it's full of ghosts."

"Tommyrot!" Roy scoffed, "no intelligent person believes in ghosts."

"Right the first time," Jack re-

plied cheerfully. "I don't believe in 'em and I'm glad to hear that you don't either. Come on!"

To tell the truth, Jack had never been in this place but once himself. Not that he was afraid. It was only because of the Mexicans working on his father's ranch. They believe very firmly that the place was haunted, and it offended them to have the Americanos scoff at their belief—calling it superstition. So, in order to be polite, you just didn't go around the place. The Mexicans thought, then, that you respected their belief.

Jack rode ahead and pulled aside the mesquite leaves growing so thick and high that they almost obscured the tumble-down ruins of buildings. Once inside the broken walls the whole thing spread out before them.

"Why it looks like it was once a regular little walled city," Roy exclaimed.

"Yes, that's just what it was. Long before the Americans came Spaniards settled here. They built their little towns and then they walled them in to keep out mountain lions, varmints and Indians."

The rain had slackened a little now and they rode their horses around the enclosure while Jack pointed out the separate buildings.

"That was the church; you can tell by the shape. And over here was the home of the Alcalde. The same as our mayor," he explained.

"How can you tell?" Roy wanted to know.

"Well, you see, it was the largest house in the group. There were gardens and great trees around it. You can find some of the white stones that bordered the flower beds if you'd like to dig around a bit. And you can see the trees for yourself. Come on,

better go inside and keep as dry as possible."

They dismounted, tied their horses under one of the great trees and went in.

Some of the walls were almost roof high and at one corner they were so well preserved that even the roof tiles were still intact. Over on one side was a fireplace; the tall chimney still rising high above the broken walls.

"Why, that fireplace is still good," Roy exclaimed. "We can build a fire." He started toward it.

"I wouldn't go digging around in there if I were you," called Jack.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a strange, burring, whizzing sound came from the fireplace. Roy had squatted before it.

"Get away from there!" Jack yelled at the top of his lungs, and started on the run. Roy was too dazed to move. He just sat there as if turned to stone. "Wha-a-a-t was that? Wha-a-a-..."

The weird, unearthly buzzing came again. Jack gave Roy a shove that sent him spinning. At the same time his gun roared, and something writhed and thrashed about in the rubbish-filled fireplace.

"Stand back there!" Jack commanded, and, standing well back himself, he racked the writhing thing out of the refuse. "I told you this wasn't a nice place," he said, dragging out a five-foot rattlesnake.

"Ugh!" Roy shuddered, "you're right. I don't like it."

It had grown black as a pocket now and the rain was coming down in torrents. Jack raked the rest of the rubbish out of the fireplace and, when he was sure there

were no more snakes, called Roy into the shelter.

The huge over-hanging top reached out in a semi-circle just clearing their heads as they crept within. They were quiet for a while listening to the rain and thunder. Suddenly there was a terrific crash. Lightning flamed and, for a moment, the compound was as bright as mid-day. Then the rain softened and everything grew quiet.

Through what seemed like dead silence they heard a soft, swishing sound. It came from the wall near the corner of the fireplace.

"What was that?" Roy's voice was terrified. Jack's was none too steady as he replied: "Only the wind whistling through the holes in the walls."

"Bu-but . . . there isn't any wind now." Roy's teeth were chattering. "Let's get out of this place."

As though the walls had heard, the noise came again. Close beside them now, almost at the edge of the fireplace and on a level with their knees.

With a pretense of bravery which he was far from feeling, Jack drew his gun. "We'll soon see what it is," he said in a loud voice. The answer came again. Whispering this time. A gentle, rustling sound coming nearer, slithering along inside the wall, almost into the fireplace.

"It's someone inside those walls, I tell you!" Roy's voice was hysterical now. "Those walls are three feet thick. Somebody could be in them. There is somebody! Shoot! Shoot!"

Jack shot. Nervousness and fear had forced him to pull the trigger. For a moment the air was so filled with flying dust and particles of adobe that they were almost blinded.

A flash of lightning lit up the hole made by the bullet. The soft old walls had crumbled, leav-

ing a hole a foot in diameter. The whispering, swishing noise had stopped.

"Good grief!" Jack giggled foolishly, "Here I've had a flashlight in my pocket and forgotten it!" He pulled it out and flashed it down the hole. A huge dead rat lay just inside. They raked him out. That was the ghost. The whispering, slithering noise—that and the wind.

They flashed the light back in the hole. There was something there besides adobe bricks and mortar. They raked the dust and bricks aside.

"It's a box! An iron box!"

"What do you suppose it is? What's in it?"

"Treasure, of course. What else could it be in a box like that?"

They dug like mad, and at last dragged the box out. A sharp blow with a rock broke the rusty lock. Carefully, almost slowly, as if afraid to be disappointed, they lifted the lid.

It seemed filled with old papers. Yellowed parchment, falling apart with age. Very carefully they lifted them out and put them in a dry corner of the fire-

place. Under the papers was a sprinkling of old coins, black with age. Jack picked one up and rubbed it on his sleeve.

"Oh, boy! It's gold! Spanish gold! We've got a . . ." he looked down in the box and realized there were not very many of them. "Well, it isn't exactly a fortune but it's gold just the same."

Roy had hardly been listening. He was pouring over one of the old papers.

"Jack, Jack!" he cried, so excited he could hardly speak. "They're old deeds, and maps, and land grants, and . . . why Jack, these things are worth a fortune. They're worth much more than that handful of coins!"

"Oh boy, oh boy! Good old ghosts! Walls that listen and talk back to you." Both boys were dancing a wild jig.

"They talked to us all right. They told us where the treasure was. Good old walls! Hurrah for the whispering walls!"

Read **SMOKE SCREEN** in the March issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale January 31st.





A SMALL GROUP OF MEN
LEISURELY DINE IN A WATER-
FRONT TAVERN. SUDDENLY THE
DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND----



MASTER FORTUNE!
BLACK FLINT IS
ON THE LOOSE AGAIN!



WHAT?

AYE! HE'S
PILLAGING
THE WHOLE
BLOOMIN' COAST--
THE ENTIRE TOWN
OF LOS MADRAS
IS IN RUINS!!



KENTSHIRE!--ROUND
UP THE CREW!

RIGHT!



ONE HOUR LATER. THE
'REVENGE' PUTS TO SEA
WITH HER CREW AT
BATTLE STATIONS.....



THE ROGUE ROBBED AND
BURNED THE TOWN--HE
LEFT THE HARBOR
DURING THE NIGHT!

AT LOS
MADRAS...



THE SEA WILL NOT BE
SAFE FOR HONEST SHIPS
UNTIL FLINT IS BROUGHT
TO JUSTICE!



GHOST ISLAND! 'TIS THE
ONLY LOGICAL PLACE FOR
HIS LIKE TO TAKE REFUGE--
SET THE COURSE FOR THE
ISLAND!!



AS THE 'REVENGE' BOLDLY
ENTERS THE HARBOR, THE
COLD EYES OF BLACK FLINT
SILENTLY WATCH...



FIRE!





AS FORTUNE PROCEEDS
TO AN OPEN WINDOW...



...WILD REVELRY FILLS THE GREAT
HALL OF THE PIRATE FORTRESS AS
THEY CELEBRATE THEIR VICTORY...



HO, JAILER! SEE
THAT THE PRISONERS
ARE FED!



JUST MY
CHANCE!



THESE PRISONERS
WILL BE A HELP
TO ME!



OUR ONLY CHANCE TO
ESCAPE IS TO TAKE THE
POWDER HOUSE-



SILENTLY THE DESPERATE
PRISONERS FILE THROUGH
THE WINDING STREETS
LEADING TO THE ARSENAL!



THE PRISONERS ARE
LOOSE! WARN CAP'N
FLINT!



AROUSED BY THE SIGNAL
SHOT, THE PIRATES RUSH
FROM THE MESS HALL...



HAVEN'T MUCH TIME -
HEAVE, ME HEARTIES!
FLINT SURELY HEARD
THAT SHOT!



FIRE,
LADS!



TO COVER!



A GOOD TASTE OF LEAD, ME LADS! PREPARE FOR ANOTHER ATTACK—BUT KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!



WHERE ARE THEY? WHY DON'T THEY ATTACK??

EASY, MATE! AT SUN-UP MY CREW WILL SAIL IN TO ATTACK FROM THE SEA!



MEANWHILE... ABOARD THE 'REVENGE'...

FIRING! I FEAR FORTUNE'S IN TROUBLE! UP ANCHOR—WE SAIL IN!



WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH FOR A RUSH!—COME ON, YE DOGS!!



TO THE ROOF—WE MUST CUT THEM OFF!



FOLLOW ME, LADS—IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



UNSEEN IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, KENTSHIRE LEADS THE CREW OF THE 'REVENGE' OVER THE UNGUARDED SEA-WALL....



TASTE HONEST STEEL, YE ROGUES!



AYE! AND THAT DOES FOR YE, BLACK FLINT!



WE DID IT, KENTSHIRE—BLACK FLINT IS FINISHED!

Follow Captain Fortune in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale January 31st.



SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch



Slim and Tubby is continued in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Spin Shaw

OF THE

NAVAL AIR CORPS



ON A SMALL MID-PACIFIC ISLAND A SQUAD OF NAVY PLANES GLIDE TO A GRACEFUL LANDING....



AH! CAPT. SHAW!! YOU'VE ARRIVED AT LAST..... WE'VE BEEN WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR YOU!

HAVING TROUBLE, COLONEL?



PLENTY! SINCE THE U.S. HAS GUARANTEED PROTECTION TO THIS ISLAND, A FOREIGN POWER IS TRYING TO FORCE THE NATIVES INTO GIVING IT THE TRADE!



I'VE HEARD OF IT. IF THE FARMERS REFUSE, A FLIGHT OF PLANES RUINS THEIR CROPS BY SPRAYING STRONG CHEMICALS ON THEM..RIGHT?



EXACTLY! THEY MUST BE STOPPED, AND THE LEADER CAPTURED! GO TO IT!



TAKING OFF WITH HIS SQUADRON, SPIN SEARCHES THE SKIES FOR THE ENEMY.



SUDDENLY, FAR BELOW, A FLIGHT OF ATTACK PLANES THUNDERS ACROSS THE SKY.



SWOOPING LOW OVER A SUGAR CANE FIELD, THE LEAD PLANE LOOSES A CLOUD OF DEADLY WHITE VAPOR.....



DIPPING HIS WINGS, SPIN SIGNALS HIS MEN TO DIVE IN BATTLE FORMATION.....



DOWN, DOWN, THEY DIVE, WIRES SCREECHING AND GUNS CHATTERING A WEIRD SONG OF DEATH...



SPIN'S EYES NARROW. HE AIMS CAREFULLY. AND WITH A SUDDEN SQUEEZE OF THE TRIGGERS SENDS A BURST OF DEADLY TRACER BULLETS RIPPING THROUGH THE ENEMY SHIP...



VAINLY, THE ENEMY PILOT LOOPS HIS PLANE TO ESCAPE THE HAIL OF LEAD.....





BEFORE THE SURPRISED PILOT CAN RECOVER, SPIN IS ON HIS TAIL, GUNS READY.



AS THE SMASHED PLANE SETTLES TO THE GROUND, THE PILOT CUTS HIMSELF FREE AND CRAWLS BEHIND A ROCK.



COME AND GET ME, DOG! ONE STEP CLOSER, AND I'LL SEND YOU TO KINGDOM COME!



IT'D BE SUICIDE TO TRY TO GET ACROSS THE CLEARING... BUT WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA!



UNSTRAPPING HIS PARACHUTE, SPIN GRASPS A STURDY VINE AND WALKING BACKWARDS UNTIL IT IS TAUT, PREPARES TO SWING ON IT.



WITH A LEAP, HE SOARS THROUGH THE AIR, SWIFTLY CROSSING THE CLEARING.



AS HE COMES NEAR THE ENEMY LEADER HE SNAPS OPEN THE CHUTE.



SUCCESS! THE CHUTE WILL COMPLETELY ENTANGLE HIM!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT HEAD-QUARTERS, ONE OF SHAW'S MEN RUSHES TO THE COLONEL.



A SHORT WHILE LATER...



THERE'S YOUR MAN, COLONEL. THE FARMERS WON'T HAVE ANY MORE OF THEIR CROPS DESTROYED!



GOOD WORK, MAN! YOU'VE RID THIS ISLAND OF A BAD BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS!



WE ONLY DID OUR DUTY. WE PROMISED TO PROTECT THESE ISLANDS, AND WE DID. THE UNITED STATES ALWAYS KEEPS ITS WORD!



RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY BEAUTY TEST

WHY SHOULD A MAN PAY
RENT IF HIS WIFE LIVES IN
BEAUTY PARLORS?

WHAT'S PERMANENT ABOUT
A PERMANENT WAVE?

HOW DO THEY KNOW
JUST HOW FAR TO LIFT
A FACE... AND WHAT KIND
OF A JACK IS USED?



BEAUTY EQUIPMENT
FOR HOME... TO KEEP
WIVES IN —

OUR SPECIAL INVENTION OR A NEW SELF-FEEDING FURNACE

WHEN YOU SHIVER FROM COLD ON
PLATFORM 'A' IT MOVES UP AND DOWN,
CAUSING ROD 'B' WHICH RUNS TO BASE-
MENT TO VIBRATE— HAND 'C' TICKLES
DOG 'D' WITH FEATHER 'E'. DOG WAGS
TAIL CAUSING FAN 'F' TO START SMALL
SAIL BOAT 'G'— CANDLE 'H' BURNS THE
STRING 'I'—RELEASING WINDOW SHADE
'J' WHICH ROLLS DOWN REVEALING
STATUE OF A FELLOW WHO IS HATED
AND NOW PELTED WITH COAL BY
NIDGEY—THUS FIRE IS FED—



FOOLISH QUESTIONS No. 70413951



OH-- MY
WINDSHIELD
WIPER IS BROKE
--AND I CAN'T
SEE A THING



WHY!!
I MIGHT
RUN
OFF A CLIFF!



NIBBSY

HERE,
SIR--
I'LL
PUT MY
DOG ON
THE HOOD--



NIBBSY
THAT'S
ME!



CANDID CARTOONS

OH! I SEE NOW WHAT'S
WRONGS—YOUR DIRECT
CONDENSER IS SHORT-
CIRCUITING THE JUNCTION
BOX CAUSING A
RESISTANCY IN
THE STRAVIS!

WHEW! THE LAST TIME
HE WAS HERE HE
MONKEYED WITH EVERY-
THING IN THE HOUSE--
NOW WE GET ICE CREAM
OUT OF OUR WASHING
MACHINE!



WHAT DIM-WIT
SAP THREW A
LIT CIGARETTE
INTA MY
TIMBER LAND??

BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

GEE, NIPPIE—
DON'T
JUMP
FROM
HERE!

AW—WATCH
THIS CLEVER
PARACHUTE
IDEA WITH
THIS
UMBRELLA!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



IT WAS RIGHT
ALONG HERE I
SAW 'EM LAST
NIGHT, TOM—
AS I WAS
TAKIN' KITTY
TO THE
MOVIES!

OKAY, MICKEY—
YOU WATCH
YOUR SIDE OF
THE STREET
AN' I'LL WATCH
OVER HERE—



THERE THEY
ARE, TOM—
IN FRONT
OF THAT
JEWELRY
STORE!!

SURE
ENOUGH—
AND THEY'RE
DOING THEIR
STUFF
TOO!



BEAT IT,
FELLAS—
THE
COPS!!

JEWELRY STORE
BROKEN WINDOWS



A FINE PAIR OF
COPS! PICKIN'
ON KIDS!

BOOOO!



WHAT??
D'YA
MEAN
WE
AIN'T
PINCHED?

OF COURSE
YOU'RE NOT—
NOW STOP
CRYIN'!



THESE ARE THE
KIDS FOR THE
AMATEUR
CONTEST, MR.
JONES—

OKAY—I'LL
GIVE 'EM A
CHANCE,
MICKEY!



I KNEW YOU
KIDS WOULD
WIN FIRST
PRIZE—HOW
MUCH DID'JA
GET?

TEN
BUCKS
APIECE!

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

GIVE THE
KID HIS
FOOTBALL,
NIPPIE!

BAWW!

NO! I'LL KICK
IT JUST ONCE
T'SHOW HIM
HOW IT'S
DONE!!

OOOW!

FLUB!

BRACK!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

OWWW!!
THIS
TOOTH
IS
KILLIN'
ME!

NOW YOU MUST
GO TO THE DENTIST
TODAY, PHILIP... AND
MICHAEL WILL GO
WITH YOU!

B-BUT THE
PAIN HAS
STOPPED
NOW,
MICHAEL!

NO YOU DON'T,
UNCLE PHIL...
DON'T BE TRYIN'
T'GET OUT OF IT
BECAUSE YOU'RE
AFRAID HE'LL
HURT YOU!

I'M NOT
GOIN' IN
THERE....
PUT ME
DOWN I
SAY!!

NO SIR! I MADE
THE APPOINTMENT
WITH "DOC" AND
YOU'RE GONNA
KEEP IT!

OOOW!
HE AIN'T EVEN
PULLIN' IT YET,
UNCLE PHIL....
HE'S ONLY
LOOKIN' FOR
IT!

HELP!
POLICE!

LEMMIE
GO!

I'LL HAVE TO
GIVE HIM GAS,
MICKEY... HOLD
HIM WHILE I GET
THE EQUIPMENT!

SLAM!

GOLLY- HE
MUSTA HIT
ON HIS HEAD
-HE'S OUT
COLD!

QUICK - WE'LL
GET HIM BACK
IN MY OFFICE
BEFORE HE
COMES TO!

DID'JA
GET IT
OUT,
DOC?

THERE
IT IS!

WASN'T YOU
A BIT AFRAID
OF HAVIN' A
TOOTH PULLED,
PHIL?

NO-NO!! I JUST
WALKED IN AN'
TOLD HIM TO
YANK IT OUT!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale January 31st.

Price Goes Up After
This Introductory Sale



SPECIAL
DURING THIS SALE

\$2

The "LITTLE MAN" Works Like the
Famous GORDON PRESS. 1/3 Size
PRINTS WITH TYPE THIS SIZE
You will get real experience—learn to set
type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready,
get okays, feed the press—learn to love the
smell of printer's ink and know the magic of
taking a blank piece of paper and printing
words, ideas, powerful enough to move a peo-
ple, after the manner of Franklin, Horace
Greeley, etc. Printing is such fun for boys.

Boys PRINT

**CARDS • CUTS
TICKETS • LABELS**

From **REAL** Printer's
Metal Type with **PRINTER'S INK**

AMAZING NEW PRINTING PRESS

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this all-time low price.

COMES COMPLETE Equipment includes substan-
tially built, **ALL STEEL** press,
mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3 x 3 1/2 inches steel
type chase, 138-piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em
quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and
step-by-step instructions easily followed.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not more than delighted with your press,
back comes your money. You take no risk, no obli-
gation. Satisfaction or money back.

**MAIL
COUPON
TODAY**

**SEND
NO MONEY**

—unless you wish.
When the postman brings
your press pay \$2 plus 60c
for charges (Pac. Coast
\$2.85) OR, if you
prefer attach \$2 plus
35c postage and save
Government C.O.D. fee.
Mail today before price
goes up.

Send "LITTLE MAN" Printing Press.

() Amount Enclosed

Name

Street

City State

PECK BROTHERS 2943 Whitney Ave.
Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Made in U.S.A.



**WRITE
TODAY**

\$8.50

BENJAMIN AIR PISTOL With LEVER HAND PUMP

For Target—Small Game—Camping—Etc. Guaranteed
—Accurate—Practical—Economical—Safe—Clean—
Quiet. Adjustable Force—Amazing Maximum Velo-
city No Smoke or Fumes. Bolt Action—Hammer Fire
—Hair Trigger—Safety Lock—Hand Pump. Single
Shot BB \$8.50, Single Shot cal. 177 or 22 with rifled
barrel \$8.50, BB 8-Shot \$10.00; Holster \$2.00. Also
a complete line of Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air
Rifles for BB and cal. 177 or 22. No license required
from dealer or factory. Ask for complete specifications
and free targets. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 836 Marion
St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

FREE!



**REARWIN
SPEEDSTER**

KIT contains molded fuselage, metal propeller,
printed motor wings, molded air turned
engine nacelles, colored insignia, cement, tail
and rudder, finished wheels and full-size plan.

The Magazine You've Always Wanted
Filled with air stories, sport articles by famous
coaches, adventure yarns, stories of cowboys and bad
men of the Old West—Cartoons, stunts, advice on
hunting, fishing, woodcraft, Iron Deep-cover fun.

We will send you the next 12 big issues of
The Open Road and also FREE and postpaid a
Rearwin Speedster. Send your name, address and
\$1.00 to: Dept. WN, 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

with **12**
THRILLING
ISSUES



\$1 ALL FOR \$1

Boys! I'll help you get a DAISY FOR Your Birthday —the Frontiersman



**HERE'S HOW I
HELPED BOB
GET HIS
DAISY**
—the Frontiersman

BOB WANTED A DAISY
HE SAW ME BUYING
THIS ONE IN JANUARY
—MAILED THE COUPON
FOR HIS FREE BIRTHDAY
REMINDER KIT EVEN THO
HE WASN'T YET
WASNT TIL
MARCH 5



ON MARCH 5
BOB'S MOTHER
FOUND A BIRTHDAY
REMINDER KIT
UNDER THE MILK BOTTLE
ONE MORNING. (COURSE
BOB HAD PUT IT THERE)



BOB'S MOTHER FOUND
A BIRTHDAY REMINDER
KIT UNDER THE MILK BOTTLE
ONE MORNING. (COURSE
BOB HAD PUT IT THERE)

EVERY TIME BOB'S DAD
PICKED UP A
MAGAZINE, A
"REMINDER" FELL
OUT OF IT.



BOB'S AUNT MARY, WHO
LIVES WITH HIS FOLKS,
FOUND ONE TUCKED IN HER
WORK BASKET
ONE NIGHT.



BOB PUT A "REMINDER" IN AN
ENVELOPE, MARKED IT **PERSONAL**
IMPORTANT - RUSH!
AND MAILED IT TO HIS
DAD AT HIS OFFICE!
(THIS PROBABLY
DID THE TRICK!)



AT LEAST TWICE A WEEK
WHEN BOB'S DAD UN-
FOLDED HIS MORNING
PAPER—A "REMINDER"
FELL OUT.



BOB USED
HIS
BIRTHDAY
REMINDER
FOR
NEARLY
2 WEEKS
"WORKING"
ON THE
WHOLE
FAMILY.



**FELLAS! YOUR BIRTHDAY
REMINDER KIT GOT ME A
DAISY CARBINE FOR MY
BIRTHDAY. WIT BOB YOU
TRY THE SAME SOMEBODY
—JUST SEND THE COUPON
BELOW TO HELP YOU GET
THE DAISY YOU WANT!**

**Here's
WONDERFUL NEWS**

BOYS—we'll help you get a quality Daisy Air Rifle for your
next birthday IF your birthday comes between now and July 15,
1940! Just do this... mail coupon below being sure to enclose
3¢ in stamps to help cover OUR postage-handling cost when
we mail the FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT back to you
—about 2 weeks BEFORE your birthday. SAY! Which beau-
tiful, accurate, hard-hitting Daisy do you want? Look over the
Daisies pictured here... think of the thrilling year 'round
fun and target shooting ONLY a Daisy can give you... then
get busy. Send coupon and 3¢ in stamps—send both today in
an envelope for your Reminder Kit!

Use "Birthday Reminders" to Help Get a Daisy
Your Free Birthday Reminder Kit contains a whole series of printed
"messages" on which you sign your own name—also pictures of Daisy
Air Rifle, and other advertising material. Complete Directions are
included so you can use "Reminders" to remind your family that you
want a Daisy for your birthday. You'll have loads of fun using them.
Put 'em under milk bottles, in the kitchen, in the mail-box! On Dad's
easy chair! Mail one to Dad where he works! They'll help you "sell"
the folks on getting you a Daisy! **ACT NOW!** Fill in coupon, place
3¢ in stamps inside an envelope WITH coupon, place a 3¢ stamp ON
the envelope and mail today! (Remember—you won't hear from us
again 'til you receive your Reminder Kit 2 weeks BEFORE your
birthday—but send for it now!)

—Or Buy Your Daisy Today!
If you have the money (or can get it) to buy
your Daisy now—get it at your nearest hard-
ware, sporting goods, or department store. If
your Dealer hasn't your favorite Daisy in stock,
or if you have no Daisy Dealer—rush the
money for it direct to us and we'll mail your
Daisy to you postpaid!

FREE!
**BIRTHDAY
REMINDER
KIT**
SEND COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
492 Union Street, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

Please send me—arrive about 2 weeks before my Birthday—
your special new Birthday Reminder Kit with complete directions
how I can use "Reminders" to help me get a Daisy for my Birth-
day. I enclose 3¢ in United U. S. Postage Stamps to help me
help cover your cost in handling and mailing the "Reminders"
to me.

Month of Birthday _____ Day of Month _____ Present Age _____

MY NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

PUT 3¢ IN STAMPS
INSIDE ENVELOPE WITH THIS
COUPON before mailing



**FASTEST
LOADING
AIR RIFLE
IN HISTORY**

**BE A
FRONTIERSMAN
CARRY DAISY'S New
LIGHTNING LOADER Carbine**

Old Scouts and Frontiersmen carried the same
style CARBINE Daisy now offers you! Be a Fron-
tiersman—buy this husky, sweet-shootin' 500-shot
repeating CARBINE—the fastest-loading air rifle
ever! Enjoy these special features:
(1) Lightning Loader Shot Magazine Invention lets you
load a full tube of Bull-Eye Shot in just 2 seconds.

- 500-Shot Repeater—Cock
and shoot 500 times
without reloading \$1.75
- Single Shot—Holds only
one shot at a time \$1.25
- Break Action Single Shot—
a genuine Daisy. Ideal
for smaller boys \$1.00

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT
Buy Daisy Bulls Eye Shot for use in the new Lightning
Loader CARBINE and ALL Air Rifles. This uniform,
quality, "Chrome-Sheen" steel shot is specially made for
accurate shooting. Inset on DAISY
BULLS EYE At Your Dealer!



(2) ADJUSTABLE Double-Notch Rear Sight for long
and short range work, targets or "trap-shooting." (3) Pistol
Grip Stock and Wooden CARBINE HAND HOLD, both
in rich walnut finish. (4) Heavy Metal
CARBINE STYLE STRAP holds "Mag-
azine" Tube under main barrel. Carbine
packed in handsome Yellow Carton. Get
your CARBINE now at your dealer.
Only \$2.50

- Carbine with Magnifying
Telescope Sight \$3.50
- Double Barrel 100-Shot
Repeater, "Break-action"
cocks both triggers \$5.00
- 35-Shot Pump Repeater,
take-down model with forced-
feed shot magazine \$4.50
- Buck Jones Special,
A 50-shot hard-hitting,
outdoor model \$3.50
- Buzz Barton Special—
Telescopic-type Sights... \$2.25

**SHOOT THE COUPON and 3¢ in STAMPS
for FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT!**
DAISY AIR RIFLES
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 492 Union St., Plymouth, Mich. U.S.A.